Volume LXXII CHICAGO, JANUARY 29, 1914 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A "Go-to-Church-one-Sunday" in the year movement will bring but little pleasure or profit, it may do harm. Sunday at Church, is not the time or place for humor or sensations, but a regular weekly habit of social worship and the facing of the solemn realities of life, is a great asset of the soul. It is hard to go to Church "once in a while" but it is not only easy but delightful to go to Church once a week where one finds fellowship, instruction, inspiration and consolation, if a church can be found that will appeal to the head and heart.

UNITY joins with its neighbors and colleagues in urging everybody to go to Church next Sunday, out of respect to the public spirit generated, if for no other reason. But there is a better reason: perchance one Sunday in Church will awaken old associations, quicken tender memories, and strengthen a resolution to amend one's careless habits, and one may go again, and yet again! Try it!

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1914. NUMBER 22.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

At thee the mocker sneers in cold derision,
Through thee he seeks to desecrate and dim
Glory for which he hath no soul or vision,
For "God" and "Angel" are but sounds with him.
He makes the jewels of the heart his booty,
And scoffs at man's belief and woman's beauty.

Yet thou—a lowly shepherdess!—descended
Not from a kingly but a godly race,
Art crowned by Poesy! Amid the splendid
Of heaven's high stars she builds thy dwelling-place,
Garlands thy temples with a wreath of glory,
And swathes thy memory in eternal story.

The base of this weak world exult at seeing
The fair defaced, the lofty in the dust;
Yet grieve not! There are godlike hearts in being
Which worship still the beautiful and just.
Let Momus and his mummers please the crowd,
Of nobleness alone a noble mind is proud.

Tr. James Clarence Mangal. —*Friedrich Schiller.*

We heartily commend Robert Underwood Johnson's appreciative review of the Letters of Charles Eliot Norton in two volumes, published in the *Literary Digest* of January 24, and we cannot refrain from quoting the closing paragraph, which we most heartily commend:

> Whether for their content or for their standards, these wholesome volumes cannot be too highly recommended. They are an unnegligible part of the literary history of the nineteenth century.

February is the month of great birthdays. Lincoln and Darwin, Washington and Haeckel and Giordano Bruno the martyr of science, who was burned in the Rag Market Square in Rome by priestly authority thirty-five years before Roger Williams was driven into the inhospitable snows of the unexploited Rhode Island by the religious Puritan authorities—all came in February. The class in religion that meets every Tuesday morning in All Souls Church, Chicago, is preparing for a birthday session in honor of the great and good who were given to the world through the gates of February. Why not others try it? "Go thou and do likewise."

We have already called attention to Braithwaite's Review of the Poetry of 1913. *The Literary Digest* for January 24 contains an extended notation of the same review. Emphasizing the fact that Masefield is the leading author of the year, in poetry, but Henry Van Dyke's "Daybreak in the Grand Canyon of Arizona," and Markham's "Shoes of Happiness," and Mahlon Leonard Fisher's "As an Old Mercer" are worthy of high comment. Those who would keep up with the times must see to it that they keep up with the poets. To grow indifferent to contemporary poetry is to lose one's way in the labyrinth of the modern market houses; and such men and women as fill their baskets with carrots, veal cutlets and other provender for the family are unable to find their way home with their supplies.

The papers are not yet through talking about Dr. Eliot's "New Religion." The phrase commits those using it to either lack of sense or of intellectual integrity. Neither Dr. Eliot, or any other person schooled to scientific methods of thought, expects a new religion, but as surely they expect an ever enlarging refinement and a growing reasonableness in religion. The President of Harvard College entitled the offending article the "Twentieth Century Religion," and he is indeed both bigoted and superstitious who does not see a difference between the expression of religion, both in thought and action, in the twentieth century from that of the tenth century; and faithless is the piety that does not expect that the expression of religion in form and action in the thirtieth century will as widely differ from that of the twentieth century.

The American Journal of Theology for January, published by the *University of Chicago Press,* has a table of contents that is in itself a mind quickener. "The Idea of Pre-existence in the Fourth Gospel," "St. Luke's Version of the Death of Judas," "The Mystery Religions and Early Christianity," "Studies in the History of Doctrine," "The Problem of Authority," and the "Function of the Church in Modern Society" are among the attractive topics, all of them, to the intelligent friend of religion, and particularly to every live minister, are vital topics. The leading article on the last topic named above, by C. W. Gilkey, pastor of the Hyde Park Baptist Church (Chicago), sets forth the claim of the church in modern society, one important function of which he finds to be to "stand uncompromisingly against the worship and service of Mammon wherever it may be."

He well says:

> The social possibilities opening up before a truly spiritualized democracy are tremendous; but a commercialized aristocracy and a brutalized proletariat would make up a society that in the long run could produce and exalt little but mediocrity, superficiality and frivolity. Away from such perils and toward such possibilities of democracy it is the present duty of the church to lead our modern life.

One who does not keep up with the *Woman's Journal* can scarcely keep posted on what the world is doing. The last issue before us carries on its front page the following encouraging indications that the world is moving:

A $10,000 appropriation for a municipal lodging house for women has passed the Finance Committee of the Chicago Council. We hope it will go the rest of the way until it receives the Mayor's signature.

One County Superintendent in Kentucky has reduced the number of illiterates from 1,152 to 23.

Olive Schreiner, visiting London, takes new faith in the Twentieth Century on account of the number of beautiful young women and equally beautiful young men she sees growing up.

California has elected a woman State Commissioner of Education for the elementary schools at a salary of $4,000.

No woman students failed in their examinations during the past semester at Leland Stanford University; 8 per cent of the men failed.

A Moslem woman has been appointed by the Turkish minister of public instruction to be head instructor of gymnastics in a "Sultanian school," whatever that may mean.

The Kansas legislature has appropriated $250,000 for the printing of its own text-books.

A men's league for woman's suffrage has been organized in Mississippi.

Chicago has now twenty-five police women who are overlooking the dance halls, moving picture shows, etc.

The dive and saloon men of San Francisco have failed in their movement to recall State Senator Edward Grant, who was elected by women's votes, and who has led a successful war against the "Red Light" inhumanities.

The German Women's Suffrage Union is seeking to avoid the lamentable militant tactics of their English sisters.

And lastly, Jane Addams is to act as a judge of election in the 19th ward in Chicago.

A good enough showing for one week, is it not?

The 'little lamb that Mary had that followed her to school' is soon to become science and fact, and not merely poetry and fancy, if the "latest thing in education" is to succeed. The Union Stock Yards at Portland, Oregon, have offered to supply a pig to every school in Oregon and Washington, that cares to take the matter up, under promise from the donors to buy back the pig when it is ready for the market. The pig is to be scientifically fed and an accurate record kept of what it eats and how it grows. *The Oregonian,* commenting on the same, as quoted in *The Literary Digest,* speaks of a youth who went through college on a sow's back, i. e., the sale of the sow's pigs, fed on farm-raised food, paid the lad's expenses. *The Rural New Yorker* is quite within the bounds of the new pedagogy and practical possibilities when it looks forward to a time when each country school will be supplied with a flock of fowls as well as with pigs and milch cows, and we would add, more of Mary's lambs. Such an equipment of a country school would necessitate all-the-year-round direction of the children's love and discipline. It would give an outlet for neighborhood public spirit, it would reduce the boisterous and questionable enthusiasm for football among the boys, and bridge whist and wild dancing among the girls. It would bring grain and flowers and trees into the life of the children as well as into the landscape of the neighborhood. We have yet much to learn.

The secret of the beautiful Christmas bill-board poster in eight colors is at last being discovered. It was the unsolicited and unheralded gift of the Poster Advertising Association. To use their own phrase, "It is our Christmas present to the communities in which we live." Seven thousand five hundred of these really beautiful pictures were distributed, at a cost of more than $10,000, among the 3,000 members of this association in the United States and Canada. Suggestions are invited for other posters of this kind that may be presented from time to time. UNITY has a suggestion to make. If it is asking too much of the Poster Advertising Association to promulgate a reform so involved in commercialism, some other individuals or associations of wealth have an opportunity of carrying the Cambridge Temperance bill-posting movement into the realms of art. Who will secure the painting and execution of a temperance bill-board poster as beautiful as the Christmas poster, setting forth as graphically the joy, serenity, peace and beauty of the fireside of a home into which the destroying adder of the wine cup has not entered? Perhaps a companion panel in the same picture might indicate the contrasting home of the victim of this adder. Let there be no exaggeration, no explanation except the beautiful appeal of art. Such a picture on 7,500 bill-boards scattered throughout our country would be a great pulpit utterance and an effective campaign document. Let us have more posters that will uplift, and then "uplifters" will cease profitless kicking in their effort to demolish bill-boards that had better be expurgated or ennobled.

Our readers will read with tender sympathy Mr. Mead's tribute to Edwin Ginn in this week's issue. His one million dollar peace foundation has been back of the high work done on the platform and through the press by such tireless workers as Mr. and Mrs. Edwin D. Mead, David Starr Jordan, and others; in his will he has left another million dollars to defray the expenses of the first million in its high work. In it, also, he emphasizes the fundamental needs of the peace movement. It is to begin in the nursery. So long as mothers and fathers rejoice in the warlike pleasures of the children into whose hands they give guns and swords, and clutter the nursery floor with tin soldiers and martial symbols, so long will we have men and women who will talk peace and vote war, sing the Christmas song of "Peace on Earth" but trust in battleships. Pedagogically this permitting, yes encouraging, the child in the twentieth century A. D. to live in imagination

through the barbarous inspirations and pleasures of the twentieth century B. C., is a cruelty to it and is unscientific and immoral. At the last meeting of the League of Religious Fellowship, held in the Kenwood Evangelical Church in Chicago, the decline of militancy was discussed, and allusions were made by several of the women speakers to the wonderful Christmas show room in the Marshall Field establishment, so marvelously equipped with warlike toy weapons and fighting displays. A committee was appointed to draft a fitting protest to be submitted to the great dry goods stores of the city of Chicago, begging the abatement of such departments in the future. John Ruskin has said that war will cease whenever the women demand it. It may be said with equal truthfulness that war will never cease until women cease to foster this admiration for the soldier and to give their supreme trust, their ultimate loyalty to the gospel of force. Let women take more thought of the *fundamentals*.

Edwin Ginn, Citizen of the World

In the death last week of Edwin Ginn there passed not only an eminent and public-spirited citizen of Boston and a marked figure in our American educational life, but a true citizen of the world. The expressions of sympathy and of honor which have come to his home and his associates, during the month which followed his prostration in December, from Baron d'Estournelles in Paris, the Baroness von Suttner in Vienna, and the international circles of Germany and England, reflect the world's love and gratitude for the conspicuous service of one of whom it may be rightly said that the world was his parish.

In every field which he touched Edwin Ginn was a loyal and vital force. He loved the associations and high traditions of Boston and resented irreverence or any carelessness concerning them. He was the president of the Boston Common Society; and as he looked out upon the Common from the great windows of his sunny room in his publishing house, which stands on the site of the old home of John Hancock, there were few men to whom the Common and everything about it could have been more eloquent. Boston became his home a few years after the old Hancock house was destroyed; but his higher education had been at Tufts College, where he was graduated in 1862, so that his whole mature life has been a Boston life. It has been a life of untiring energy and enterprise. The great educational house which he founded has become in the half century the most important educational publishing house which Boston has ever had; but few know today how small and hard were the beginnings. A few years ago Mr. Ginn prepared and printed privately for his business associates and personal friends a simple and familar story of his early years; and those who had the privilege of reading its homely and rugged but genial pages know better what the difficulties were which he faced at the start, and which, with unfailing resolution and belief in himself, he steadily overcame. With this firm and cheerful faith in his own plans, and with a rare instinct, which was one of the strongest elements of his strength, for choosing well his business associates, and for divining the educational needs of the hour, and the scholars best fitted to prepare the books to meet them, never was a man who owed more to others or who more generously recognized his obligations to others and to good fortune. He created an atmosphere of enthusiasm, and his fellow workers of every degree constituted with him a happy family.

Mr. Ginn was devoted to pure politics, to public health, to public beauty; he had a passion for good music and the refinements of home life; and he had profoundly at heart the matter of better homes for the people. But his pre-eminent claim to the world's interest and honor was his devotion to the cause of international justice and peace, which during the last twenty years had become his ever more and more commanding concern. When he established the World Peace Foundation four years ago, no other so generous and comprehensive provision for peace education had ever been made. While completely organized only in 1910, the World Peace Foundation, under its original name of the International School of Peace, had been gradually shaping itself and doing more important work for nearly ten years before. Mr. Ginn's interest in the peace cause dates indeed from a time much farther back than that. He was profoundly affected by Dr. Hale and his devotion to international justice. He was at the Mohonk Arbitration Conference, that inspiring nursery of so much of potency in the peace cause in America, as early as 1897. He was there again in 1899, and again in 1901, and in this latter year made his first speech there. He emphasized the special duty of business men and the importance of more generous financial provision for the cause. "We spend hundreds of millions for war; can we not afford," he asked, "to spend one million for peace?" That was his keynote. He was presently saying that he would be one of ten to give a million. But he grew weary of waiting for response, and decided to make his own contribution unconditionally and begin, letting his $50,000 a year go as far as it would, confident that others would help in good time; and on December 15, 1909,—exactly four years before the fatal attack which struck him down,—the headquarters for the new International School of Peace were opened at 29 Beacon Street, with a reception to the peace workers of the community, which he and others addressed. The liberal legal provision for the perpetual support of the work followed, and the large

development which has ensued has made his name conspicuous and honored in every circle the world over where men work together for the peace and better order of the world.

The continuance and the growth of the great work which he greatly began will be his living monument; and the memory of one who thus recognized the world's imperative need, and with all his resources and his power sought to meet it, will never die.

His death came just as we had been commemorating the birthday of Franklin and remembering anew Franklin's devoted service and that of his illustrious associates, the founders of the republic, to the cause which in this time commanded Mr. Ginn's allegiance. A lover of peace and hater of war throughout his public life, Franklin's last international word was this: **"God grant that not only the love of liberty, but a thorough knowledge of the rights of man, may pervade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on the surface and say, This is my country."**

This, too, was the aspiration and the demand of Edwin Ginn; and as for himself, he could freely declare with Garrison: "My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Does Our Government Intend to Penalize Virtuous Marriage and the Creation of Citizens?

The public owes thanks to a lawyer named Richard G. Babbage, a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* for setting forth in a recent issue of that paper (January 16) the obscurities and inconsistencies of the new Federal Income Tax Law in the section that deals with the "specific deduction" of $3,000 or $4,000 allowed. It is the section that affects more persons than any other in the whole law, and he reveals not a few such surprises in it. Four times the government has endeavored to state its intent in the seemingly simple matter of this exemption; once in the original law, again in the regulations issued October 31, still again in regulations issued December 27, superseding those of October, and finally in the "instructions" printed on the back of the income return blank. The original law was most hazy; it was fairly open to two constructions, one allowing a total exemption of $7,000, the other of only $4,000, to a husband and wife living together. Many persons were perfectly sure that the words meant the one thing; many as sure that they meant the other; those wisest were only sure that they could not tell which was meant. In the October ruling the fog thinned, but still lingered. At last, in the elaborate December rulings, it lifted; and this final decision, clearly though incompletely summarized on the return blanks, makes it plain that the total joint exemption for a married pair living together is $4,000. It is also plain, as Mr. Babbage shows, that the final rulings impose requisitions that are not in the original law. To make the law work, they add to the law.

Let the reader judge for himself. Consider the English of the original,—the famous "Paragraph C":

> There shall be deducted from the amount of the net income of each of said persons, ascertained as provided herein, the sum of $3,000, plus $1,000 additional if the person making the return be a married man with a wife living with him, or plus the sum of $1,000 additional if the person making the return be a married woman with a husband living with her; but in no event shall this additional exemption of $1,000 be deducted by both a husband and a wife: Provided, That only one deduction of $4,000 shall be made from the aggregate income of both husband and wife when living together.

Between their first clause and their last did a psychological earthquake take place in the minds of the law makers? The first clause allows an "additional" exemption of $1,000 to either one of a couple happily married. The middle clause ("in no event") expressly limits this addition to but one of the pair. The final clause (the "Provided"), as it has now been interpreted, makes a single $4,000 the total joint exemption for the two,—thereby from each one of them actually docking $1,000 of the $3,000 allowed to every one else. In spite of the indication afforded by the term "aggregate income," this docking seemed so extraordinary that, until the last ruling appeared, many believed that, with "only one deduction of *four* thousand" allowed, the other deduction of the normal *three* was taken for granted. For were not two persons concerned? And else why talk of "addition" at all? If docking were what was meant, it would have been so easy to say in three lines instead of a dozen: "Every person shall be allowed a $3,000 exemption except a husband and wife living together, who shall be allowed only $2,000 each."

For that is all it comes to. What begins by calling itself "addition" turns out to be subtraction. This is the new Washington arithmetic! One wonders if it has been applied elsewhere,—perhaps in the new Tariff Law. What is the explanation? Can it be that our legislators with their "$1,000 plus" at first set out to do the natural thing—reward successful homemaking by increased exemption,—and then just changed their mind? That is not likely; they would have obliterated the signs of the earthquake. It is probably a mere case of twilight thinking and bungling phrase; both common enough in legislation, but here occurring in a very conspicuous place. They were suddenly changing their unit of taxation from the individual to the pair, and were a bit confused in their minds. The old idea, "A man and his wife are one," was in their thought; or at most they are one and a third, as they figured, so they considerately

added their "$1,000 plus." They should have figured more considerately still. "In some things a man and his wife are one, in others not; and in cost of living, the basis of exemption, *not.*" Even to figure them as two is to forget the market-cost of children.

But whatever may explain the arithmetic, subtraction, not addition, proves to be the thing they meant. Their *plus* works out as *minus.* Now for the consequences. One is that many persons having an income less than $3,000, who fancied themselves under the general law exempt from even making a return, find themselves under the ruling obliged to not only make return but often to pay an income tax. The case of a husband and wife with separate incomes, whose joint total lies not far above $4,000—and there must be thousands of such cases—is an example. Suppose that each of the two has $2,500 income. Had she said "No" instead of "Yes," when he asked her, both would have gone untaxed; their love costs them $10 a year,—one per cent of $1,000 ($5,000, less $4,000 exempt). Cheap enough, perhaps; but what is it in the government that taxes love? Cheap, too! and curious as statesmanship. *In its new law our government is actually penalizing virtuous marriage and the creation of its citizens!* Can it have been the deliberate intent to do this? we ask again. Can it be now the government's conscious and abiding wish to do it? Mr. Babbage in his article only alludes to this point, dismissing it as too late now for consideration. Too late for this year, doubtless; but not too late for public discussion, and not too late for possible change in the law before another year dawns. In the great law, so just and so promising as a whole, it is a blunder not merely in phrase but in principle, more amazing than any obscurity. For what so assures a nation's prosperity and permanence as the abundance in it of happy homes and fruitful marriages? What should a government foster with more assiduous care than the source of supply of its native-born citizens? France in dismay is pondering these questions. England is sombre over them. Germany is beginning to ask them. And the United States is beginning to penalize marriage! Read again the law clear-cut on the return blank:

> An unmarried individual or a married individual not living with wife or husband shall be allowed an exemption of $3,000. When husband and wife live together, they shall be allowed jointly a total exemption of only $4,000 on their aggregate income. They may make a joint return, both subscribing thereto, or if they have separate incomes, they may make separate returns; but in no case shall they jointly claim more than $4,000 exemption on their aggregate income.

What is the proclamation but this? "Let husband and wife quarrel and part, and each shall count as a full individual, exempt for the usual $3,000; let husband and wife live together in love, beget children and rear citizens,—ten little Democrats, possibly,—and each parent shall count as two-thirds of an individual, exempt for but $2,000." A $6,000 exemption for the marriage that is failure,—scandal, perhaps,—and a $4,000 exemption for the marriage that succeeds, that carries the economic burden of children through years, and that contributes these children as citizens to the nation's resources. If this be not penalizing virtuous marriage, the normal home, the creation of citizens, what is it?

Our Washington law-makers might well have used their Income Tax opportunity in precisely the opposite way, to frame a law that would have directly *rewarded* successful wedlock and the contribution of children to the State. Make the adult individual, whatever his or her status,—single, married, or married and parted,—the uniform unit of exemption; for all such individuals fix a uniform exemption of $3,000, or $2,000, if this would be fairer; then allow for each living child an "additional" exemption of $500 or $1,000, applying this addition to the husband's exemption or the wife's as they may agree. Then the tendency of the law would be to promote marriage and keep it enduring and encourage the large family by making its economic burden a little lighter to bear. The creation of citizens-to-be would amply justify the measure; and the administration of the law would be at least easier than it now promises to be.

Why should not the Federal Income Tax Law be amended before another year in some such way as this? Would not such an amendment make it a more common sense and more statesmanlike measure? Would not the public heartily approve the change? What is the very last thing to be expected from a government, if it be not a tax upon love, the penalizing of successful marriage, the imposition of a fine on those who present children to the State?

W. C. GANNETT.

HOW TO FORGET

"If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it, you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That some one was unkind to you.

"If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

"If you were busy being good,
And doing just the best you could,
You'd not have time to blame some man,
Who's doing just the best he can.

"If you were busy being true
To what you know you ought to do,
You'd be so happy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

"If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite
To criticize your neighbor long,
Because he's busy being wrong."

In the Continent. —*Rebecca Foresman.*

THE PULPIT

The Eternally-Womanly

A Series of Six Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

V.

Joan of Arc—The Woman Inspired

December 7, 1913

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Help us, Father, to realize the besetting mystery of life. Help us to realize that we play upon the beach of an infinite ocean of truth, and that thy wisest children can only pick up here and there a pebble. Touch us, O Father, with a sense of unseen realities. Bring us consciously into the presence of the verities that we cannot see, handle or touch. The verities that make our bodies lovable and our hands serviceable. Help us, O Father, to realize that beyond the near things that distract lie the permanent things that are most worth while, the things that longest endure. By such vision we will be crowned with the strength, time, resources material and spiritual to serve thee by serving thine. We pray, Father, for the peace that comes to those who dwell in thee. We pray for that divine leisure that enables the most hurried of souls to know the calm, the poise and the rest of those who feel that underneath them are the everlasting arms.

Help us, Father, to live in time for eternal causes; to give of our days and hours to those things that abide. May thy kingdom come in our lives when they are devoted to Thee and thy truth. Amen.

Sermon.

Joan of Arc is one of the great mysteries in human history. Measured by what she accomplished, by her own theory of power, by the lengthened shadows which she has cast athwart human history, she stands unique and unparalleled. Five hundred and two years ago this January, she was born into the home of humble people in an obscure little hamlet in France. She never learned either to read or to write. Her only education was the training in the simple household arts that belong to a thrifty, pious, peasant home, —spinning, weaving, milking, gardening, and the knowledge of the Paternoster, Ave Marie and the "Belief" which her mother taught her.

At thirteen years of age, to take her own statement, she heard "Voices" calling her in mysterious ways to take thought of the gruesome century into which she was born, the dark brutal century; calling her attention to the pitiable situation of her country. France was wasted and worn by a Hundred Years War, trampled underfoot by English invaders, with the immediate prospect of becoming forever an humiliated attachment to the British dominion. At the end of less than three years her patriotism waxed into a mighty zeal and a holy piety. Time and time again she went to the commandant of the neighborhood and asked for an escort, which would enable her to visit the weak and vacillating King of France, that she might somehow, in ways she knew not, turn the tide of defeat and humiliation into triumph and conquest. The governor most haughtily sent the child back with the suggestion that her parents box her ears and teach her her manners. But she said, "I will come again, and if needs be again, and you will send me to the King!" And she was true to her word. When just turned sixteen years of age, the Commandant of that territory buckled his own sword to her waist, and said, "Go, and God bless you. I know not what mysterious purpose is working back of you and through you." And so with a small escort she, who had never known a horse to own or to ride before, rode at the head of a little company and finally worked her way into the presence of the poor, weak King, who, in disgrace, uncrowned and unhonored, was still claiming authority. And lo! this slip of a girl, not seventeen years of age, became commander in chief of the French army. Veteran soldiers, who had grown gray in the art of war, became her subordinates and ultimately her devoted followers, her valiant servants. The campaign began. In one battle she put an end to the Hundred Years War, turned the tide of events and reconstructed the map of Europe in a way far more radical and more permanent than Napoleon ever did. She bore her white banner, upon which was outlined the figure of the Christ holding the world in his hand, at the head of conquering columns.

One after another triumphs came. She led her army at last to the besieged city of Orleans, the siege of which the French had been trying to raise for seven months. In seven days this slip of a girl, riding in a suit of armor made to fit her frail but graceful body, entered the city triumphant. She then pushed forward until she found the young King, and by pure force of superior will dragged him, you might say, to Rheims and into the cathedral, and with her own hands placed the crown upon the head of Charles V. When, in grateful return, the King begged of her to name her reward—anything within the power of the then rising kingdom of France should be hers—her modest reply was: "I beg, sire, for two things, the privilege to return to my home and live with my mother and help in the domestic cares that belong to a large family, and that the taxes of my native town, Domrémy, be removed." And lo, the King said: "Forever Domrémy shall be exempt from taxation, but I will not permit you to return. Your services are further needed, and I hold you responsible as the commander in chief of my army."

Now followed one of the most gruesome and pathetic of tales. Defeat followed defeat, though not enough to disarm the rising power of France, until at the end of thirteen months from the time she started out on her campaign, she was a prisoner in English hands. Oh, that dark, dark blot in the history, not only of England, but of the world; the humiliating story that reflects so much blame upon the over-confident "Church of Christ" and its arrogant pretense to mercy, ending, as you all know, in one of the most pathetic burnings known of in history. After seven months of cruel imprisonment, part of the time being confined in a cell, chained wrists and ankles to marble pillars, with a brutal English soldier as guard *in* the cell and not *outside* of it, came an unjust and cruel trial, at which this unlearned and illiterate child conducted her own defense. She still retained that unmeasured dignity, that spotless simplicity, that unaccountable piety which led the Mother Church, at the end of twenty-five years, to hasten to rehabilitate this daughter, to lift from her the reproach, and to declare her innocent. Four hundred and ninety years after her death, the same church declared her "Re-

vered," in a technical sense, which I believe is the preliminary step to saintship. So at the end of five hundred years, as soon as the routine of the Catholic Church can be realized, there will be placed upon her head the halo which the Mother Church of Christendom gives to her transcendant children, the pure ones of the faith.

This in brief is the story of Joan of Arc, which is still a mysterious problem of history. How are we to account for it? We must take her own words into consideration. She thought that she was living continually in the presence of superior intellectual agencies. She thought that she was being divinely guided and submitted herself with unquestioned faith and unfaltering loyalty to that guidance, which she thought came from above. However we may explain it, we must do her and history and our own souls, the justice of admitting her into court and taking her evidence for what it is worth.

On this line and from her explanations, Joan of Arc is no solitary exception, though she is a superlative illustration. The Great and Good in all times and all ages, have under certain conditions more or less permanent, felt themselves in league with Omnipotence, confessed their indebtedness to supernal powers, been conscious of external or super-human guidance. I speak not of exceptional cases only, but of a great and illustrious example, for the humblest and most stolid of us are at times conscious, more or less clearly, of a guidance that we cannot understand, of a bounty we did not solicit, and do not deserve from our own conscious efforts. I speak of bounties of judgment, bounties of direction, bounties of resource, I speak of "visions." Are we not all standing consciously at our best, always unconsciously on the margin of an infinite sea of power and potency we little understand? The few things we can state and the few things we can claim to know, are but drops dipped from the margin of this great mysterious sea. The stronger the brain, the larger the grasp on facts in the spirit of the word we are so proud of, "science," the more ready are we to confess our ignorance and to bow before this mystery.

What said the great Sir Isaac Newton in the ripeness of four score and more years, that great prophet of science, the master mind who grasped as no one did before and not many after him, the modern universe:

"I have been playing on the beach of the infinite ocean and have been able to pick up but a few pebbles."

What is the testimony of him who followed in the footsteps of Newton and formulated for many of us a working theory of the process of the universe—Herbert Spencer? In that sun-clear discussion in his "First Principles," he affirmed as the first condition of study, an infinite, besetting, "Unknowable," the recognition of the existence of which is the pre-requisite of any coherent thinking.

"Possessions," "Revelations," "Inspirations," "Communications," and kindred words are to be held tentatively, open for further suggestions, waiting for further light, too uncertain to become definite counters of thought, too illusive to be made responsible for conduct.

This only do I know, that to the unbiased soul, any explanation whatever is more rational than a crass denial, than a blunt negation of so many established facts of human history and human experience. Do not ask me to explain them! I cannot! Do not ask me to dogmatize about them, for I will not! For I must frankly, if not sadly, confess, that whatever these potencies and powers may be, disembodied spirits, or glorified angels, the lines have been down in the main between them and me. I would be glad to receive communications that have never come. My ears are open for messages that I have never heard, and so I simply stand with bowed head in the presence of this great historic light, this sweet, gentle peasant girl, and confess my incapacity to expound the mystery. I would like to take her word for it. But I meet in the last published volume of Emerson's Diary, this significant sentence: "Never to assume an obscure cause, when an obvious one exists, is a rule of the mind." Never assume an obscure cause when an obvious one exists! Let us get this saying well fixed, then let us use the remainder of this morning in trying to discover some of the *obvious* causes that entered into this marvelous story. However it may be regarding the "voices" without, there is no denying the voice within. The power of Joan of Arc is not wholly exceptional. Her triumphs are not entirely peculiar. They differ from the running pages of history only in their magnitude and in the striking dramatic combination of circumstances.

In Joan of Arc we find, first, the power that goes with faithfulness. For four years she brooded over the humiliation of her country. For four years she dreamed of a relief that might come to her humiliated country. For four years she dwelt upon the great need of a light and a life that would lift the burden. Says the old Psalmist: "As I muse the fire burns." We go to bed befuddled over a mathematical problem that seems insoluble. We wake up and the solution is clear for us. This is psychologically true through the long experiences of the human soul. This at least we know, without summoning any disembodied spirits, or trusting uncertain angels. Joan of Arc is a sublime illustration of that which comes to the thinking mind, to the brooding spirit.

Secondly, hers was the power that ever goes with simplicity and purity. She never lost her child-like heart. Robert Browning, in "Francis Furini," uses Joan of Arc to help him work out the problem of nudity in art. Furini was a monk and loyal to his church; also an artist and devoted to his brush. His contemporaries, the purists, suspected him of undue devotion to art in preferring the nude. Robert Browning came to his rescue, and summoning the sanctities to the support of the artist, he said, in effect: "Quit your preaching; this is a problem for illustration, not for words. Paint for us the Child Leader, the woman general, as she takes her bath in the evening tide, in the quiet lake, but paint her with her face averted, for there is a radiance which no artist can transfer to canvas.

Joan's purity was unspeakable and her simplicity not only touching but compelling. When the good old father visited her in camp, after her thirteen months of absence, he brought her two precious presents, one from the old parish priest, a little leaden image of the Virgin, and the other, half a yard of blue ribbon from her mother. She hung the image of the Virgin on her breast and with great care and playfulness deco-

rated her shield with the half yard of blue ribbon that came from her mother. And she said, "I almost wish I could go forth to war again, for I would be more valiant with this blue ribbon on my shield."

One source, at least, of the power of Joan of Arc came from her child-like simplicity, a quality which God's greatest children never lose. Climb high enough in the realm of genius, go where the world inspiration is encased in human speech, there you will find the child-like heart, which is but another way of saying there is the receptive attitude, the soul open to all the influences from above, from the past, from the present. If you are a truth-seeker and have never assumed this attitude, you have shut out the darts of the love divine seeking your heart. You close yourself to the inspiration of God and man when conceit and self-consciousness take possession of the citadel. But he who walks amid the holy archives of truth, open handed and open breasted, receives a bounty he may never understand and is unable to expound.

Thirdly, comes the power of a great passion. O it is great to be profoundly stirred! We do not know what inspiration is, but we do know that it becomes manifest and obvious wherever we find a soul supremely stirred, sublimely committed. We know what we mean when we speak of a "single-minded" man or woman,—a man or woman devoted to a cause; such devotion starts the sweet encouragements of disinterestedness, through which flow a sense of the Presence,—a first-hand knowledge of things infinite. And this Joan of Arc felt and received. This she demonstrated.

"I want nothing but my mother, that I may help her raise the children, and that my tax burdened and poverty laden home village of Domrémy may be relieved." The King vowed it should be so, and for three hundred years the little village of Domrémy profited by the devotion of the little Maid of Orleans. Then, alas, France grew unworthy and forgot. To the disgrace of the republic, today poor Domrémy has to pay its toll and burden of taxes. Part, no doubt, of Joan's power lay in her absorbing passion, the power of her disinterestedness. Oh, how wide is the application of this principle? How obvious it is to all of us?

Listen again to our seer, Emerson. I snatch another sentence from his last book. He says: "There is unbelief in a cigar, in wine, in all luxury. The poet doubts his access to the grand sources of inspiration, doubts the continuance of the supplies, when he steals to these shabby pots." What does he mean: *"The poet donbts his access to the great sources of inspiration, doubts the continuance of the supplies, when he steals to these shabby pots!"* No wonder we do not know the meaning of the word "inspiration." We have dulled the ear that would catch the messages from the within and from on high, so long as our possibilities are wasted and dissipated upon what Emerson calls the "shabby pots" of selfish indulgences, the "shabby pots" of personal ambitions, the "shabby pots' of temporary and unworthy causes. We shut the gates between us and the heavenly imagination when we precipitate our energies on things transient and obscure.

Another word from Emerson: "Do not attempt too many things. Unlimited activity is bankruptcy." O what a message for the earnest life, overwhelmed with its opportunities, distracted by its "Causes." How many souls today are being torn into tatters by haste and hurry, in trying to do so many things that are only partly worth while anyhow. Let us repeat again the word of the Seer: *"Do not attempt too many things, unlimited activity is bankruptcy."* Take account of stock, O soul, and find what you have in store after you have balanced your books. It is he can say, "One thing I do!" "To this cause I dedicate myself!" "To this mission I am consecrated and on these lines I vow to live and to die!" who belongs to the fraternity of Joan of Arc is not so much puzzled over her story. It begins now to grow plain. For the story of Joan of Arc is but a chapter in that larger story of the inspired men and women who have given themselves to great issues, sublime causes, who belong in the ranks of those whom the ages crown. Begin with Lincoln and go back to Luther, St. Francis, Paul, Jeremiah, the Buddha, he who made India mild, Sokrates who drank the hemlock with a smile, and on and up to the Nazarene, and when you have explained the one you have explained the others. Expound to me the Joan of Arc mystery and then the triumph of Calvary is made clear. Or, if you want to put it the other way, if you can account for the triumph on Calvary you have the key to the mystery of the Maid of Orleans.

But there is still another element that comes into the solution of the mystery of Joan of Arc. Remember the "obvious causes" must be catalogued before we give ourselves to the "obscure" explanation. Of course Joan of Arc's triumph was the triumph of the French people. Joan's standard of white silk borne by her own hands at the head of the charging line, became the banner of the French people. It was charged with their potency, when they were no longer discouraged. The moment she climbed into the captainship of the army her personality became that of the French people and all that implied, past and prospective, and that combined self, triumphed over the English people. The invaders were overrun by the invaded. The humiliated became first courageous and then triumphant.

In the onslaught on the walls of Orleans, Joan fell, pierced with the iron points of a pike, run through her shoulder. Bleeding, she was picked up, stained with English blood, which was spilt upon her prostrate body. She was carried off to be restored. Thus prostrated she heard the trumpet sounding the "retreat" and at that call the wounded girl, forgetting the pain in the shoulder, remounted her horse and with her own hand raised her standard and like a medieval Sheridan turned the columns "right about" and entered the city. This again is but a familiar incident, illustrated in the story of every war.

I hate to draw my illustrations from battlefields, but they have their pertinence and their potency. In this connection I was with Grant's conquering column in the rear of Vicksburg. It is a matter of record that over and over again doubtful issues were decided promptly, when John A. Logan appeared with hat and sometimes a flag in hand. More confidently and more profoundly was the column moved when the gracious and trained MacPherson rode at the head of the line. There was no cheering, no outward excitement, but his presence would win the field.

If you go to Vicksburg note the monuments erected

in memory of those who fell, bled and many died, there. You will find on the Iowa monument a stimulating bronze bas-relief depicting the charge of the 10th Iowa Regiment surging forward. Mixed up with these Iowa infantry men with fixed bayonets, pushing their way in the face of a leaden storm, is a Wisconsin battery, mounted, the galloping horses charging along with the firing line. The officers who witnessed it said never before had they heard of a battery of artillery making a bayonet charge. The moment is imprisoned in bronze on the Iowa monument down there in Mississippi. I was one of the postilions in that battery charge. We boys were quite innocent of any consciousness that we were making history, or were to be imprisoned in bronze. At the critical moment the trusted captain, chief of artillery in the division, who had been off on duty came and took command, and as recorded in one private's diary declared his presence thus: "SIXTH WISCONSIN BATTERY, I AM HERE!!" Then: "Limber to the front! Cannoneers mount! Forward, guide right! Trot, march!"

And we did it under the inspiration that came from the trusted leadership. A part of our courage came from a source higher up. The military triumph of Joan of Arc is plain reading to anyone acquainted with the experiences of a soldier. Joan was indeed at the front of the line, but back of it was destiny. Back of her was the army with one purpose and one mighty inspiration, and that was to drive out the invaders and set the standard of France on the walls.

"How did Joan of Arc accomplish it?" gives way to the other question, How did France accomplish it? How did France win? When her leading general asked her, "Why she placed her standard at the head of the column at the coronation of the king," with the eloquence of simplicity she said: "That standard bore the brunt of the burden and it has won the honor of the place." Those who bear the brunt of the burden eventually, by the dispensations of history, do reach the front of the column, do they not? The military triumph of Joan of Arc is explained as the military triumph of General Grant and Phil Sheridan are explained. She combined in her one personality the persistency of Grant and the impetuosity of Sherman,—the patience of the man of silence, the ardor of the valorous Irishman. The military triumphs of Joan of Arc need no angel explanations. I am willing that you should summon the disembodied hosts, but not to that extent that you forget to give due credit to the embodied hosts. I am jealous for the human, even in the presence of such as Joan of Arc.

George Eliot makes Mordecai say of Myra, the sweet and tender Jewess, in the Daniel Deronda story, when someone said she was an angel, "No, no; she is no angel; she is a pretty Jewess and the angels must not get credit for her!" So I want to give full credit to the visible element in Joan of Arc and her trimuphs before I begin to give credit to the invisible hosts, however real they may be and however persistently they may have worked. Hers was the power that belonged to the white plume of Henry of Navarre; the same power that led the unknowing and untrained boys of the Iowa regiment and the Wisconsin battery to follow trusted leaders and to serve a cause they believed in. Under these inspirations all personal anxieties about safety, wounds and death itself are forgotten.

"Never assume an obscure cause when an obvious one exists!" is Emerson's word. By this token we must never distrust the primal powers of a soul devoted to a high cause. If we practice the unbelief of cigars, wine and luxuries, distrusting the continuousness of the great sources of power, we sneak away to get the petty inspirations from the "shabby pots" of personal advancement and temporary achievement, that Emerson speaks of. Of course we cannot understand Joan of Arc. We read her story in a foreign language. But first hand contact with things divine enables us to understand how the INSPIRATIONS of a CAUSE illumine the darkest pages of human history and make us familiar with the holiest achievements of the human soul! What means the old song:

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

This is not rhetoric. It is history! This is not fiction; it is fact! And if you and I cannot understand it, we are self-confessed devotees at sham altars and we draw our nourishment from the "shabby pots" that Emerson speaks of.

Thus at last we find that the story of a laughing, winsome child, being fashioned into seriousness and womanhood by a love of country and sympathy with her King, is a story that rests in the universal experience of the race. A story that is written small, how small, God forgive us! in the lives of each one of us.

I end as I began, by saying I cannot measure the supersensuous sources of her life, or of any life. I stand in the attitude of a devout agnostic in the presence of such revelations of power. I only know that crass denial is unscientific, but I know also that the potency of Joan of Arc, the Inspired Woman, when rightly understood and frankly interpreted from the within, is an open book for us all, for there are streams of potency ever waiting to bubble up from within. There are depths in the human soul reached only by the process that finds artesian wells. We must bore through the rocks of selfishness, we must pass below the surface verities to the subterranean lakes that have been drained into the valleys through centuries and deposited there ready to refresh again human nature, if we can but strike the hidden deeps. Indeed, the potency of Joan of Arc transcends our ignorance, not our science. Perhaps she was not super-human, so much as we are sub-human. We are still low down here on the brutal levels, while she climbed up there on to the human heights. Up above us are the regions where the human loses itself in the divine, and where the divine finds itself in the human.

Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

In the joy, the power, the hope of a life that is hid in Thee, Father we would go forth, as thy children, committed to thy cause, rejoicing in thy word forevermore. Amen.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Turning to Mr. Smith's own diary, under date of Aug. 4, 1832, this entry appears: "My wife, Elizabeth, Fitzhugh and I went to Pratt's Hollow to see the Siamese Twins."

These famous personages were at that time but eighteen years old, and the date perhaps marks the beginning of their appearance before the curious public. They lived to be sixty-three years old, dying January 17, 1874. By exhibiting themselves the twins gained a comfortable fortune. They married sisters, One family had five children, the other six.

Again we turn to Miss King's entertaining journal:

May 1, 1833. As it is May Day, I sent for Mary and Libby Mills to come over and have tea; and took them, with our children, to the summer-house. Arthur, too, was there, and by a vote we made Libby Mills our queen, and crowned her with a garland of balsam, interwoven with daffodils, cowslips and plum blossoms. The children then danced and sung round her in the orchard, and Libby (Elizabeth Smith) gave her a book, and she went home wearing the garland.

A little previously, on a day in March, we find that "Libby wanted to twist some basting thread for me, so I let her do it. This is her first lesson on the wheel and she succeeded very well. There was a little more than one knot." On the 4th of April, we read, that "Libby has today begun a quilt and I have begun cutting and fixing the patches for her." On the 23d of May there was a carpet-rag bee at Mrs. Mills' (Mrs. Mills was the wife of the good Presbyterian minister), and the next day "I sent over and got a basket of Mrs. Mills' rags," writes Miss King, "and with the girls had a sort of bee to sew them."

Simple, homely, useful occupations, and equally simple and wholesome amusements filled, along with their studies, the lives of these exceedingly fortunate children.

Many instances of old-time household economies meet the eye in scanning this journal, e. g., March 11, 1833:

Last Saturday Jane finished making Fitz a suit out of an old one of his Pa's. And October 17, Laura and Mrs. Wilbur have been dipping 60 dozen candles today.

Not many American periodicals that are read today were in existence eighty years ago, but there are a few. We are reminded of the respectable age of a paper that is a great favorite in our own time by this entry:

August 26, 1832. Sunday. In the evening I stayed with the children, and heard them read from *The Youth's Companion.*

The youthful governess played games with her pupils, old-fashioned games, that suggest rollicking, good times, such as "Drown the Duck," "Catch the Robin," "Battledoor" and "Puss in the Corner." Occasionally she changed places with the youngsters as this entry shows:

September 23, 1833. In the afternoon I let Libby and Fitz take turns in teaching, and I got lessons.

In the summer, teacher and her charges go berrying. At holiday times there is delightful occupation in distributing presents in places where they not only carry pleasure, but contribute to supply the real needs of the recipients. For instance:

December 4. In the afternoon Laura, Sherman, Fitz, Libby, Nanny and myself went in the sleigh to distribute Thanksgiving presents. (December 5 was the day appointed for Thanksgiving in our state). We carried parcels to six families. This evening Mr. Smith sent a calico dress to Miss ———; and Mrs. Smith sent to Mrs. ——— her yearly gift of $5, and a basket containing some fowls, three pies and a panful of doughnuts and cookies. She sent a turkey to ———. There are a great many more places to supply in the morning.

December 5. Before meeting the children were very busy (and, indeed, they began before breakfast) in carrying the remaining presents of beef, fowls, pies, cakes and some little dainties for the sick. I carried a large fowl to Mrs. ———, for which she was very thankful.

The bestowment of such kindnesses required a well-supplied store upon which to draw. Add the frequent guests and the need of a crowded cellar is apparent. Though the members of the family were mainly on the "no meat system" at this time, meats were furnished to others, as the passages just quoted from the journal show. Here is a glimpse, through Miss King's eyes, of the meat cellar:

Dec. 25. The cow that was killed yesterday weighed 900 pounds and the hogs about 480 each. I helped Grandma to go down cellar to look at them, and they were monsters.

We discover the versatile governess making paint brushes out of Pussy's and Buff's hair (Buff is the family dog) and Grandma Wyntje Smith's white hair. At another time she "fixes a camera obscura for the children with a burning glass, for which she gave 9 cents."

Grandma Wyntje Smith has a new wooden back-comb, and Miss King puts her (Grandma's) name on it. Also, she "marks Grandma's new woolen stockings, which she has lately finished for herself."

A fire-board is sent away to be painted black. When it is returned, Miss King writes that she is "going to cover it with pictures." At another date she records, "I am making a toilet basket for Mrs. Smith."

Here is an old-fashioned table recipe, jotted down by the governess, that might be worth trying today:

We have had a Dutch dish of Grandma's recommendation, called "Applegies and Spec," made of sweet apples, quartered and stewed down with slices of pork and a little sugar; and it is good.

An item characteristic of our modest, conscientious teacher:

Dec. 13. I made my debut in my new hat and cloak today, and felt somewhat abashed that I might possibly set a good many gazing on me.

(*To be continued*)

TRUTH.

Whether I watch, or whether I pray,
Working and thinking day by day,
I am a learner on my way.

Each mystery may a meaning bring,
The budless Winter change to Spring,
A new truth shine in everything.

It is higher beyond each hill,
A pearly peak for all who will,
Beyond each plain one wider still.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

SUN.—Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
—Wordsworth.

MON.—I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A truth and noonday light to thee.
—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

TUES.—A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery.
—Daniel Webster.

WED.—So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, thou must,
The youth replies, I can!
—Emerson.

THURS.—Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.
—Abraham Lincoln.

FRI.—Duty to one's countrymen and fellow-citizens, which is the social instinct guided by reason, is in all healthy communities the one thing sacred and supreme.
—W. K. Clifford.

SAT.—Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.
—Wordsworth.

THE BOY FROM TOWN.

Last night a boy came here from town
To stay a week or so,
Because his maw is all run down
And needs a rest, you know.
His name is Cecil, and he's eight,
And he can't skin the cat—
His maw she calls him "Pet;" I'd hate
To have a name like that.

He wears a collar and a tie
And can't hang by his toes;
I guess that I would nearly die
If I had on his clo's;
He can't ride bareback, and today,
When we slid on the straw,
He ast if roosters help to lay
The eggs I pick for maw.

When our old gander hissed he run
As though he thought he'd bite,
And he aint even shot a gun
Or had a home-made kite;
He never milked a cow, and he
Can't even dive or swim—
I'd hate to think that he was me;
I'm glad that I ain't him.

He thinks it's lots of fun to pump
And see the water spurt,
He won't climb in the barn and jump,
For fear of gettin' hurt.
His clo's are offle nice and fine,
His hair's all over curls;
His hands ain't half as big as mine;
He ought to play with girls.

A little while ago when we
Were foolin' in the shed
He suddenly got mad at me,
Because I bumped his head.
There's lots of things that he can't do;
He thinks that shep'll bite,
And he afraid of ganders too;
But he can fight all right.

—S. E. Kiser.

Society for Preservation of Historic Records

A society has been formed to preserve to future generations the faces and forms, the voices, actions and gestures of the great men of today by means of phonographic records and moving pictures. It is the belief of the promoters of this organization that the people of fifty years hence will be as interested in hearing and seeing President Wilson, King George and Kaiser Wilhelm, for example, as we would to hear the very accents of Lincoln in his Gettysburg address, or Washington, as he delivered his "Farewell to the American People," or to have preserved in absolute fidelity the expression, the tone, the sweetness of Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," whose singing entranced our grandparents. It is the purpose of this society to preserve forever in fireproof, burglar-proof and earthquake-proof vaults, master films and records of men and women of today who are concerned in events of moment. From these master records, other films and other records are to be produced from time to time, as may be necessary, to keep in memory great events and the story of our times. An endowment is sought sufficiently large to insure the erection of a great receptacle, the employment of proper custodians, and the reproduction of records. It is believed that history recorded in this form would be vital and shown in true perspective without prejudice or caricature, and that the moving spirits of the age would desire to speak their message to future generations. Phonographic records have already been made of many great speakers. Recently 3,000 persons listened to the voice of John Alexander Dowie at Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion City, as a phonographic record of a sermon delivered by him eleven years ago was reproduced, five years after his death.

Popular Mechanics.

So long as miners become cabinet officers—so long as newsboys become senators—so long as foundlings become governors—so long as trainboys become Edisons—so long as farmer boys become Marshall Fields—so long as ninety per cent of the dominating personalities in law, in medicine, in commerce, in journalism, in finance, in politics, began life with a capital of hope and a heritage of faith—so long as the control of the country's affairs—industrial, professional and political—is held by poor men's sons who asked no more than an honest chance and made their way and themselves by unflagging reliance on their own futures and an unwavering adherence to that confidence—whoever wheedles and fawns for more than a fair show is a booby.—*Herbert Kaufman* in *Boy's Life.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

AN APPRECIATION.

Dear UNITY:—

That was a gracious thought to give a number to the memory of ours and everybody's beloved Dr. Collyer, and a rich number it was, illuminating, inspirational.

Before me is the last letter my husband received from the Doctor. It is of no moment except that it carries with it the buoyancy of youth which was one of his greatest charms. "I must see you," he says, "and see your good wife and give her that wedding kiss due her years ago."

Great, beautiful soul. May Chicago never forget the debt she owes to the virile life and loving ministry of the poet-preacher.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.
Chicago, Illinois.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PROGRAMME.

Reverting to Congress and the regular session, there are those who doubt whether much important work will be done between now and next summer. It is said that business conditions will make Congress conservative and slow. This is not the view of the leaders of the party in power, and it is evidently not the view of the administration. A letter to a New York paper thus enumerates the matters pending or expected to come up in Congress:

1. Currency bill.
2. Anti-trust legislation.
3. Prohibition of interlocking directorates.
4. Appropriation bills carrying over $1,000,000,000.
5. Cold storage legislation.
6. Mexican situation.
7. Nicaraguan treaties.
8. Government ownership fight to be precipitated by proposed government-built railway for Alaska.
9. Merchant marine legislation growing out of recent investigation of transatlantic shipping trust.
10. Secretary Daniel's recommendation for government-owned armor plate plant.
11. Government ownership and refinement of petroleum oil for naval purposes.
12. Struggle between big navy advocates and disarmament forces involving also Winston Churchill's plea for a "naval holiday."
13. Naval personnel legislation.
14. Federal regulation of dealings in "cotton futures."
15. A more comprehensive employers' liability law.
16. A Federal system of rural credits.
17. National primaries for nomination of President and Vice-President.
18. Consideration of the Pujo "Money Trust" investigation's recommendations.
19. The creation of an army reserve corps.
20. Pure fabrics legislation.
21. Safety appliances and steel cars legislation.
22. The American seamen's bill.
23. Anti-bichloride legislation to reduce the danger of accidental poisoning.
24. Appropriations for building embassy and legation buildings abroad.
25. Federal regulation of railroad rates and stock issues.
26. Aid for vocational education.
27. Philippine independence.
28. Good roads legislation.
29. Conservationists' fight on Hetch Hetchy project.

What the record will show several months hence, it would be idle to conjecture. The array is impressive, and the administration will supply plenty of motive power. The President is no usurper or tyrant; the attacks on him from partisan sources leave the people cold; but he knows how to keep things moving and get action, and the people now expect the executive to lead instead of waiting and playing a passive and negative role.

The Chautauquan.

ALFRED NOYES ON POETRY.

Alfred Noyes, the British poet, though usually very successful in marketing his wares, suffered a slump on toward the

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end of his American visit, and naturally became low-spirited in consequence.

"Everything seems to be going wrong," he sighed one evening at the Franklin Inn in Philadelphia. "I'll have to change my luck somehow or other."

He laughed grimly and resumed:

"I asked the maid at my lodgings this morning what had become of the paper that I'd left lying on my desk.

"'Oh, sir,' said she 'I thought it was waste paper and threw it into the waste paper basket.'

"'No,' said I, 'it wasn't waste paper. I hadn't written anything on it yet.'"

Daily Magazine.

MEMORIAL TO LADY CURZON.

In memory of Lady Curzon, who before her marriage was Mary Leiter, daughter of the Chicago millionaire, a philanthropic hotel for poor women has been opened in the heart of London. The tablet upon the building reads as follows: "This building, to be known as the Mary Curzon Hotel, was erected in 1913 by the relatives and friends of a woman tender-hearted and beautiful, who in her short life sought to make the lives of women happier in many lands, Mary Victoria, wife of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Born 1870. Died 1906."

California Christian Advocate.

WORSHIP.

God of the glorious sunshine,
God of refreshing rain,
Whose voice bids earth awaken
And clothe itself again
With life of richest beauty
In plant, and flower, and tree,
When we, Thy heightened splendor,
We rise and worship Thee.

God of the hill and mountain,
Of valley and of dale,
Whose finger paints the rainbow;
Thy beauties never fail
To raise our souls to wonder,
And turn our thoughts to Thee;
Thou God of living nature
We stand and worship Thee.

God of the busy daytime,
God of the quiet night,
Whose peace pervades the darkness
And greets us with the light,
Safe with Thy presence near us,
Wherever we may be,
Thou God, our great Protector,
We love and worship Thee.

God of the whole creation,
God of all life below,
We seek Thy nearer presence,
Thy grander life to know;
When we, Thy heightened splendour,
Thy greater glories see,
Thou God of all creation,
We still shall worship Thee.

The Christian Life.

Thos. Paxton.

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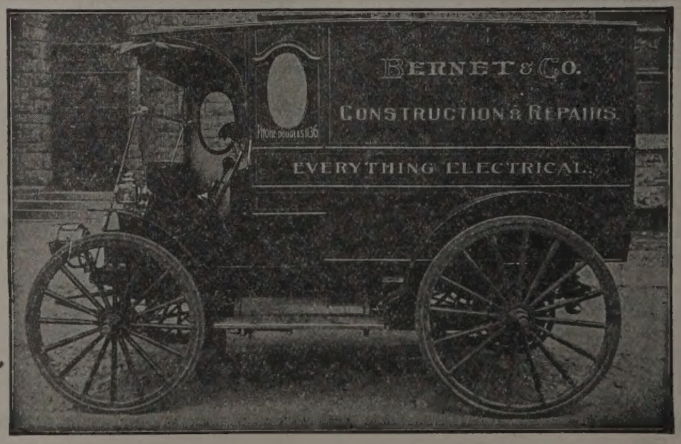

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